A NOVEL OF OUR OWN DAY.

Written for The Sun by "The Duchess.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Looks the heart alone discover. If the tongue its thoughts can tell.
'Tis in vain you play the lover.
You have never felt the spell."

Joyce, who had been dreading, with a silent but terrible fear, her first meeting with Dysart, had found it no such great matter after all when they were at last face to face. Dysart had met her as coolly, with apparently as little concern ne if no former passages had ever taken place between them.

His manner was perfectly calm, and as devoid of feeling as any one could desire, and it was open to her comprehension that he avoided her whonever he possibly could. She told herself this was all she could, or did, desire: yet, nevertheless, she writhed beneath the certainty of it.

Beauclerk had not arrived until a week later than Dysart; until, indeed, the news of the marvellous fortune that had come to her was well authenticated, and then had been all that could possibly be expected of him. His manper was perfect. He sat still and gazed with delightfully friendly eyes into Miss Maliphant's pleased countenance, and anon skipped across room or lawn to whisper beautiful nothings to Miss Kayanagh. The latter's change of fortune did not, apparently, seem to affect him in the least. After all, even now she was not so good a parti as Miss Maliphant, where money was concerned, but then there were other things. Whatever his outward manner might lead one to suspect, beyond doubt he thought a great deal at this time, and finally came to a

Joyce's fortune had helped her in many ways. It had helped many of the poor around her, too; but it did even more than that. It helped Mr. Beauclerk to make up his mind with re-

gard to his matrimonial prospects.
Sitting in his chambers in town with Lady Baltimore's letter before film that told him of the change in Joyce's fortune-of the fortune that had changed her. In fact, from a pretty penniless girl to a pretty rich one, he told himself that, after all, she had certainly been the girl for him since the commencement of their acquaintance.

She was charming-not a whit more now than thee. He would not belie his own taste so far us to admit that she was more desirable in any way now, in her prosperity, than when first he saw her, and paid her the immense compliment of admiring her.

He permitted himself to grow a little enthusiastic, however, to say out loud to himself as it were, all that he had hardly allowed himself to think up to this. She was, beyond question, the most charming girl in the world! Such grace-such finish! A girl worthy of the love of the best of men-presumably himself!

He had always loved her-always! He had never felt so sure of that delightful fact as now. He had had a kind of knowledge, even when afraid to give ear to it, that she was the wife best suited to him to be found anywhere. She understood him! They were thoroughly en rapport with each other. Their marriage would be a success in the deepest sincerest

He leant luxuriously among the cushions of his chair, lit a fragrant eigarette, and ran bis mind backward over many things. Well! Perhaps so! But yet if he had refrained from proposing to her until now-now when fate smiles upon her it was simply because he dreaded dragging her into a marriage where she could not have had all those little best things of life that so peerless a creature had every right to demand.

Yes! it was for her sake alone he had besitated. He feels sure of that now. He has thoroughly persuaded himself of the purity of thoroughly persuaded himself of the delta when the motives that kept him tongue tied when honor called aloud to him for speech. He feels "How dare you speak to me like that," cries himself upon the back and tells himself he is a righteous being—a very Brutus where honor is concerned; any other man might have hurried that exquisite creature into a squalid marriage for the mere sake of gratifying an overpowering affection, but he had been above all that! He had considered her! The man's duty is ever to protect the woman! "He had protected her-even from herself; for that she would have been only too willing to link her sweet fate with his at any price, was patent to all the world. Few people have felt as virtuous as Mr. Beauclerk as he comes to the end of this

thread of his imaginings. Well! he will make it up to her! He smiles benignly through the smoke that rises round his nose. She shall never have reason to remember that he had not fallen on his knees to her-as a less considerate man might have done-when he was without the means to make her life as bright as it should be.

The most eager of lovers must live, and eating is the first move toward that conclusion. Yet if he had given way to selfish desires they would scarcely, he and she, have had sufficient bread (of any delectable kind) to fill their mouths. But now all would be different. She, claver girl! had supplied the blank; she had squared the difficulty. Having provided the wherewithal to keep body and soul together in a nice, respectable, fashionable, modern sort of way, her constancy shall certainly be rewarded. He will go straight down to The Court, and declare to her the sentiments that have been warming his breast (silently!) all What a dear girl she is and so fond of him! That in itself is an extra charm in her very delightful character. And those fortunate thousands! Quite a quarter of a million. isn't it? Woll, of course, no use saying they won't come in handy-no use being hypocritical over it-horrid thing a hypocrite! well, those thousands naturally have their

He rose, flung his cigarette aside (it was finished as far as careful enjoyment would permit), and rang for his servant to pack his portmanteau. He was going to The Court by the morning train.

Now that he is here, however, he restrains the ardor that no doubt is consuming him. with altogether admirable patience, and waits for the chance that may permit him to lay his valuable affections at Joyce's feet. A dinner to be followed by an impromptu dance at The Court suggests itself as a very fitting opportunity. He grasps it. Yes, to-morrow evening will be an excellent and artistic opening for a thing of this sort. All through luncheon, even while conversing with Joyce and Miss Mail phant on various outside topics, his versatile mind is arranging a picturesque spot in the garden enclosures wherein to make Joyce a

happy woman! Lady Swansdown, glancing across the table at him, laughs lightly. Always disliking him, she has still been able to real him very clearly. and his determination now to propose to Joyce amuses her nearly as much as it annoys her. Frivolous to the last degree as she is, ap honest regard for Joyce has taken hold within her breast. Lord Baltimore, too, is disturbed by his brother's present.

CHAPTER XLIV. Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the

Smote the chord of self, that, trembling passed in

music out of sight." Lady Swansdown is startled into a remembrance of the present by the entrance of some

"APRIL'S LADY." body. After all, Dicky, the troublesome, was right-this is no spot in which to sleep or dream. Turning her head with an indolent impatience to see who has come to disturb her, she meets Lady Baltimore's clear eyes.

Some sharp pang of remorse, of fear, perhaps, compels her to spring to her feet, and gaze at her hostess with an expression that is almost deflant. Dicky's words had so far taken effect that she now dreads and hates to meet the woman who once had been her stanch friend.

Lady Baltimore, unable to ignore the look in her rival's eyes, still advances toward her with unfaltering step. Perhaps a touch of dia dain, of contempt, is perceptible in her own gaze, because Lady Swansdown, paling, moves toward her. She seems to have lost all selfcontrol-she is trembling. It is a crisis.

What is it?" says Lady Swansdown, harshly. "Why do you look at me like that? Has it come to a close between us. Isabel? Oh! if so" vehemently—"it is better so."
"I don't think I understand you." says Lady

Baltimore, who has grown very white. Her tone is haughty; she has drawn back a little as if to oscape from contact with the other. "Ah! That is so like you," says Lady Swans-

down with a rather flerce little laugh. "You pretend, pretend, from morning till night. You intrench yourself behind your

"You know what you are doing, Beatrice," says Lady Baltimore, ignoring this outburst completely, and speaking in a calm, level tone. yet with a face like marble.

Yes, and you know, too," says Lady Swansdown. Then, with an overwhelming vehem-ence: "Why don't you do something? Why don't you assert yourself?"

"I shall never assert myself." says Lady Bal-"You mean that whatever comes you will not

"That, exactly !" turning her eyes full on to the other's face with a terrible disdain. shall never interfere in this-or any other of his flirtations! It is a sharp stab! Lady Swansdown winces

"What a woman you are!" cries she. "Have you ever thought of it, Isabel? You are unjust to him-unfair. You"-passionatelytreat him as though he were the dust beneath your feet, and yet you expect him to remain immaculate, for your sake-pure as any aco-

lyte-a thing of ice--' No," coldly. "You mistake me. I know too much of him to expect perfection-nay, com-mon decency from him. But you-it was you

whom I hoped to find immaculate." "You expect too much, then. One iceberg in your midst is enough, and that you have kindly suggested in your own person. Put me out of

the discussion altogether." "Ah! you have made that impossible! I cannot do that. I have known you too long. I have liked you too well. I have," with a swift, but terrible glance at her, "loved you!" "Isabel!"

No. no! Not a word. It is too late now." "True." says Lady Swansdown, bringing back the arms she had extended and letting them fall with a sudden dull vehemonce to her sides. Her agitation is uncontrolled. "That was so long ago that, no doubt, you have forgotten all about it. You," bitterly, "have forgotten a good deal."

"And you." says Lady Baltimore, very calmly, "what have you not forgotten-your self-respect," deliberately, "among other things." 'Take care; take care!" says Lady Swansdown in a low tone. She has turned furiously. "Why should I take care?" She throws up her small head scornfully. "Have I said one

word too much ?" "Too much, indeed," says Lady Swansdown. distinctly, but faintly. She turns her head, but not her eyes, in Isabel's direction. "I'm afraid you will have to endure for one day longer," she says in a low voice: " after that you shall bid me a farewell forever!"

"You have come to a wise decision," says Lady Baltimore, immovably,

There is something so contemptuous in her himself so exalted that he metaphorically pats she with sudden violence not to be repressed. "You of all others! Do you think you are not the world?"

The blood has flamed into her pale cheeks. her eyes are on fire. She advances toward Lady Baltimore with such a passion of angry despair in look and tone, that involuntarily the latter retreats before her.

"Who shall blame me?" demands Lady Baltimore baughtily.

"I-I for one! Icicle that you are, how can you know what love means? You have no heart to feel, no longing to forgive. And what has he done to you? Nothing-nothing that any other woman would not gladly condoue." You are a partisan," says Lady Baltimore

"You would plead his cause, and to coldly. me! You are violent, but that does not put you in the right. What do you know of Baltimore that I do not know? By what right do you defend him?"

"There is such a thing as friendship!" "Is there?" says the other with deep mean ing. "Is there, Beatrice? Oh! think-think!" A little bitter smile curls the corners of her lips. "That you should advocate the cause of friendship to me," says she, her words falling

with cruel scorn one by one slowly from her lips. "You think me false," says Lady Swansdown. She is terribly agitated. "There was an old friendship between us-I know that-I feel it. You think me altogether false to it?"

" I think of you as little as I can belp," says Isabel, contemptuously. "Why should I waste

a thought on you?" "True! Why indeed! One so capable of controlling her emotions as you are need never give way to superfluous or useless thoughts, Still, give one to Baltimore. It is our last conversation together, therefore bear with me-

hear me. All his sins lie in the past. He-"You must be mad to talk to me like this." interrupts Isabel, flushing crimson. "Has be asked you to intercede for him? Could even he go so far as that? Is it a last insult? What are you to him that you thus adopt his cause. Answer me!" cries she imperiously; all her coldness, her stern determination to suppress herself, seems broken up.

"Nothing!" returns Lady Swansdown, be coming calmer as she notes the other's growing vehemence. "I never shall be anything. I have but one excuse for my interference"—

" And that ?" "I love him!" steadily, but faintly. Her eyes have sought the ground.

"Ah!" says Lady Baltimore.
"It is toue"—slowly. "It is equally truethat he—does not love me. Let me then speak.
All his sins, believe me, lie behind him. That woman, that friend of yours who told you of his renewed acquaintance with Madame Istray, iled to you! There was no truth in what she said!"

" I can quite understand your not wishing to believe in that story," says Lady Baltimore with an undisguised sneer.
"Like all good women, you can take pleasure

in inflicting a wound," says Lady Swansdown, controlling herself admirably. "But do not let your detestation of me blind you to the fact that my words contain truth. If you will listen I can-' " Not a word," says Lady Baltimore, making

a movement with her hands as if to efface the other. "I will have none of your confidences." "It seems to me"—quickly—" you are deter-mined not to believe."

"You are at liberty to think as you will." "The time may come," says Lady Swansdown, "when you will regret you did not listen to me to-day." 'Is that a threat?"

"No; but I am going. There will be no further opportunity for you to hear me," "You must pardon me if I say that I am glad of that," says Lady Baltimore, her lips very "I could have borne little more. Do

what you will—go where you will—with whom you will" (with deliberate insult), " but at least spare me a repetition of such a scene as this." She turns, and with an indescribably haughty gesture leaves the room.

CHAPTER XLV. "The name of the slough was Despond."

Dancing is going on in the small drawing room. A few night broughams are still arriving, and young girls, accompanied by their brothers only, are making the room look lovely. It is quite an impromptu affair, quite informal. Dicky Browne, altogether in his element, is flitting from flower to flower, saying beautiful nothings to any of the girls who are kind enough or silly enough to waste a moment on so irreclaimable a butterfly.

He is not so entirely engrossed by his pleas-

ing occupations, however, as to be lost to the more serious matters that are going on around him. He is specially struck by the fact that Lady Swansdown, who had been in charming spirits all through the afternoon, and afterward at dinner, is now dancing a great deal with Beauclerk, of all people, and making herself apparently very delightful to him. His own personal belief up to this had been that she detested Benuclerk, and now to see her smiling upon him and favoring him with waltz after waltz upsets Dicky's powers of penetra-

tion to an almost fatal extent. "I wonder what the deuce she's up to now." says he to himself, leaning against the wall behind him, and giving voice unconsciously to the

thoughts within him. "Eh?" says somebody at his ear. He looks round hastily to find Miss Maliphant has come to anchor on his left, and that her eves too are directed on Beauclark, who with Lady Swansdown is standing at the lower end

of the room. 'Eh, to you," says he brilliantly. "I always rather functed that Mr. Beauclerk and Lady Swansdown were antipathetic," says

Miss Maliphant in her heavy, downright way. "There was room for it," says Mr. Browne

gloomily.

"For it?"

"Your fancy."

"You of fancy."

"You of fancy."

"You of fancy."

"You of fancy."

"Decidedly so." agrees Mr. Browne. "And as for Beauclerk, he is quite too dreadfully rather, don't you think?"

"I don't know. I'm sure. He has often seemed to me a little light, but only on the surface."

"You've read him. says Mr. Browne with a confidential nod. "Light on the surface. but deep, deep as a draw well."

"I don't think I mean what you do," says Miss Maliphant quickly. "However, we are not discussing Mr. Beauclerk, beyond the fact that we wonder to see him so genial with Lady Swansdown. They used to be thoroughly antagonistic, and now—why they seem quite good iriends, don't they? Quite thick. eh? with her usual graceful phraseology.

"Thick as thieves in Vailombrosa," says Mr. Browne with increasing gloom. Miss Maliphant turns to recard him doubtfully.

"Leaves?" surgests she.

"Thieves." persists he immovably.

"Chi. Ah! It's a loke perhaps, says she, the doubt growing. Mr. Browne fixes a stern eye upon her.

"Is thy servant a dog?" says he, and stalks

the doubt growing. Mr. Browne fixes a stern eye upon her.

"Is thy servant a dog?" says he, and stalks indignantly away, leaving Miss Mailphant in the throes of uncertainty.

"Yet I'm sure it wasn't the right word," says she to hersoif with a wondering frown of perplexity. "However, I may be wrong. I often am. After all, Spain we're told is full of em,"

Whether "thieves" or "leaves" she doesn't explain, and presently her mind wanders entirely away from Mr. Browne's maundering to the subject that so much more nearly interests her. Beauclerk has not been quite so empresse in his manner to her to-night—not so altogether delightful. He has, indeed, it seems to her, shirked her society a good deal, and has not been as assiduous about the seribbling of his name upon her card as usual. And then this sudden friendship with Lady Swansdown—what does he mean? What does she mean? If she had only known. If the answer to her latter question had been given to her, her mind would have grown easier, and the idea of Lady Swansdown hardly understands herself to-night. That seens with her hostess has upset her montally and bedily, and created in her a will desire to get away from berself, and from Bal' more at any cott. Some idle freak has induced her to use Beauclerk (who is detectable to her) as a safeguard from both, and he unsettled in his own mind, and eager to cente to conclusions with Joyce and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles and her fortune, has lent himself

Some idle freak has induced her to use Beanclerk (who is detextable to her? as a safeguard from both, and he, unsettled in his own mind, and eager to come to conclusions with Jove and her fortune, has lent himself to the wiles of his whilom foe, and is charmed by her fascinating, if varrant mood.

Terbans in all her life Lady Swansdown has never looked so lovely as to-night. Excitement and mental disturbance have lent a dangerous brilliancy to her eyes, a touch of color to her chees. There is something electric about her that touches those who gaze on her, and warns hereoff that a crusis is at hand.

Un to this she has been able to eided all Baltimore's attempts at conversation—has refused all his demands for a dance, yet this same knowledge that the night will not go by without adhouse the will ever see him. In all human probability! The exaltation that enables her to endure this thought is fraught with the such agony that, brave and determined as she is, it is almost too much for her.

Yet she—Isabel—she should learn that that old friendship between them was no fable. To night it would bear fruit. False, she believed her—will, she should see.

In a way, she clurg to Beauclerk as a means of escaping Baltimore—throwing out a thousand whils to charm him to be r side, and succeeding. Three times she had given a smilling—No" tool Baltimore s demand for a dance, and, regardless of opinion, hal flung herself into a wild and open firtation with beauclerk. But it is growing toward middight, and her strength is failing her. These people, will they never go, will she never be able to seek her own room, and solitude, and despair without calling down comment on her head, and giving Isabel—that cold woman—the chance of sneering as her weakness?

A sudden sense of the uselessness of it all has taken possession of her; her heart sinks had not the first him the

Isabel—that cold woman—the chance of sneer-ing at her weakness?

A sudden sense of the uselessness of it all has taken possession of her; her heart sinks, It is at this moment that Bultimore once more comes up to her.

"This dance?" says he. "It is half way through, You are not engagedal suppose, as you are sitting down? May I have what re-mains of it?" She makes a little gesture of acquiescence, and, rising, places her hand upon his arm.

CHAPTER XLVI. "O life" thou art a galling load Along a rough, a weary road, To wretches such as L."

The crisis has come she tells herself, with a rather grim smile. Well, better have it and get it over. That there had been a violent scene between

rather grimsmile. Well, better have it and get it over.

That there had been a violent scene between Baltimore and his wife after dinner had somehow become known to her, and the marks of it still betrayed themselves in the former's frowning brow and sombre eyes.

It had been more of a scene than usual. Lady Baltimore, generally so calm, had for once lest herself, and given way to a passion of indignation that had shaken her to her very heart's core. Though so apparently unmoved and almost insolent in her demeaner toward Lady Swansdown during their interview, she had been nevertheless, cruelly wounded by it, and could not forgive Baltimore in that he had been its cause.

As for him, he could not forgive her all she had said and looked. With a heart on fire he had sought Lady Swanslown, the one weman whom he knew understood and believed in him. It was a perilous moment and Bearrise knew it. She knew, too, that angry despair was driving him into her arms, not honest affection. She was strong enough to face this and refuse to deceive herself about it.

"I didn't taink you and Heavelerk had anything in common," says Baltimore, seating himself beside her on the low lounge that is half hidden from the public gaze by the lindian curtains that fall at each side of it. He had made no protence of finishing the dance. He had led the way and she had suffered herself to be led into the small anteroom that, half smothered in early spring flowers, lay off the dancing room.

"All you see you have yet much to learn about me," says she, with an attempt at gayety—which fails, however.

About you! No!" says he almost deflantly. Don't tell me I have deceived myself about you, Beatrice; you are all I have left to fail back unon now." lift tone is reckless to the last degree. "A forlorn pis-aller," says she steadily, with a forced smile. "What is it, Cyrif" looking

back upon now. He was a leadily, with last degree.

"A forlorn nis-aller," says she steadily, with a forced smile. "What is it, Oyril?" looking at him with sudden intentness. "Something has happened. What?"

"The old story," returns he, "and 1 am sick

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1890.—THIRTY PAGES.

of it. I have thrown up my hand. I would have been faithful to her. Beatrice. I swear that, but she does not care for my devotion. And as for me, now—" He throws out his arms as if tired to death, and draws in his breath heavily.

"Now?" says she, leaning forward.

"Am I worth your acceptance?" says he, turning sharply to her. "I hardly dure to think it, and yet you have been kind to me, and your own lot is not a happy, and—" He pauses.

"Do you hesitate?" asks she very bitterly, although her paie lins are smilling.

"Will you risk it all?" says he, sadly. "Will you come away with me? I feel I have no friend on earth but you. Will you take pity on me? I shall not stay here, whatever happens; I have striven against fate too long—it has overcome me. Another land—a different life—complete forgetfulness—"

"Do you know what you are saying?" nsks Lady Swansdown, deadly white.

"Yes: I have thought it all out. It is for you now to decide. I have sometimes thought I was not entirely indifferent to you, and at all events we are friends in the best sense of the term. If you were a happy married woman, Beatrice, I should not sheak to you wilk come with me—we—"Think, think!" says, she, putting up her

with me-we—"Think, think!" says she, putting up, her hand to stay him from further speech. "All this is said in a moment of augry excitoment. You have called me cour friend—and truly. I am so far in touch we cour friend—and truly. I am so far in touch we cour friend—and truly. I am so far in touch with the can see you are very unharply you have had some—some will problem your wife?"

"I do not however. All this will blow over, an i-come cyril face it! Are you really prepared to deliberately break the last link that holds you to her?"

"There is no link. She has cut herself adrift long since. She will be glad to be rid of me." And you—will you be glad to be rid of me." "And you—will you be glad to be rid of me." "It will be better," says he shortly.

"And—the boy."

"Bont let us go into it." a little wildly.

"Oh: but we must we must." says she. in a choking voice. She could have burst into tears! "What a heart and that woman to treat him se-whits—oil! it is bard—and." The hory you got all that you have now said."

"I tell you, says also this thing. To-morrow you got all that you have now said."

"I tyne refuse me—yes. It lies in your hands now. Are you going to refuse me?"

"Give me a moment, says she faintly. She has risen to her lest, and is so standing that he cannot watch her. Her whole soul is convulsed. Shall she? Shall she not? The scales are trembling.

That woman's face! How it rises before her now, pale, cold, contemptuous. With what an insolent air she had almost ordered her from her sight. And yed—and yet.

She can remember that disclainful face kind and tender and loving! A face she had once deligated to dwell unon! And I sabel had been very good to her once—when others had not been kind, and when Swaisdown her natural protector, had been scandalously untrue to his trust. I sabel had loved her her; and now, how was she about to require her? Was she to let her know her to be false—not only in hought but in reality had goined to she will not come with use?" "On! no no." cries she "It is impossible he

Wood Stories of the Present Dat.

The Story of a Presoner Asong the Comanches.

In 1863 a hunting party composed of several prominent citizens of St. Louis, Cincinnat.

Louisville, and Chicago, and numbering about thirty in all, entered the country of the Comanche indians in that chow of Texas iring between New Mexico and the Indian Territory for a four wook's stay. There was a temporary camp of soldiers at the junction of the Big Wichita and the Hed Rivers at that time, and as we reached it on our way into the country. It was bitten on the leg by a ratticenake, and laid plor five days. I was with the party in the capacity of secut and hunter, but as it was a strong one, it was decided not to wait for me. They were to follow up the Hed River to the mouth of the Little Wichita, and I should doubtless overtake them ere they had decided on a germanent camp.

While the Comanches were bitterly hostile at that date, they had been sadiy reduced by small-pox and driven to the north, and the old frontiersmen stated their behief that the party would not even see one. When I loft camp I was four dives behind the party, shall were mounted and intended to mush right along, this menta matter of at least eighty miles to me. However, I had a hardy mustang, was well armed, and when I rode away from the camp I laid albout regained my strength. I left abit of dizziness as I galloned along over the trail, and I soon disc-vered that my eres were weak. The narty had left a plain trail, and a my mustang had had a long rest he kent to his gall with hirdy a break up to high neon. Along the banks of the stream the country was wooded. A mile to the wort it was plain and prairie mixed, sometimes badly broken, and then as loved any ningle and the major of the stream the country was wooded. A mile to the wort it was plain and prairie mixed, sometimes badly broken, and then as loved any ningle and the party, which it is considered in the country was wooded. A mile to the wort it was plain and prairie mixed, sometimes badly broken, and then a

The vells were repeated as I moved away, but after going a mile I looked back and saw that the red men had settled down to business They were strung out in line, and had adapted their pace to mine. That meant a long chase

They were strung out in line, and had adapted their pace to mine. That meant a long chase and a test of endurance,

When a man rides for his life the greatest fear is in his overdoing the matter. If he pushes too fast at the start he will "blow" his horse, and the effects will be felt after the first ten miles. I had been five years on the claims had a profty fair stock of nerve, and I rode to favor my beast. He would have gone a third faster had I permitted it, but I rode to keep my distance and gain nothing. Every mile or so I shifted my weight forward or back, to relieve the burden on him, and so the afternoon wore away. The timber was always in plain view on my right—the plains on my left. At 2 cclock I rode tight through the shot where the party had cam; oil the lirst night, and as the Indians did not stop to inspect to or give un the pursuit. I knew that they had visited the sjot before. They were some rambling party out on the warpath, but too weak to attack the larger party. As the sun began to sink in the west they shaght to shorten the distance and bring ne within rile shot, but aword to the musting checkmated this.

warpath. Out too weak to attack the larger party. As the sun began to sink in the west they sought to shorten the distance and bring me within rile shot, but a word to the mustang checkmated this.

Had I been able to keep the trail after three octock, I should have counted on finding the party in their second camp by sundown, as we were getting over he ground at a rapid pace, but at about that hour I came to a rough, stony district, where the passage of the horses had left no trail, and I went ahoad at random, plaining to keep my distance from the river. Twice, in crossing small creeks, my horse got a little water, and as the sun finally went down he seemed to be almost as fresh as at noon. It was to be a starlight high, and as soon as dusk came I arged my beast to a faster pace, and bere more to tho left. When I believed that I had cained a quarter of a mile I swerved sharp to the right, rode for forty rods, and then dismounted, and gave "Custer" the word to lie down. We were both flat on the earth when the rarty of pursuers swent by, and the "thud" that," of their ponies feet came very plaining to my ears. When they had passed on, I led my horse toward the timber, and reached it without hearing anything further from the indians. We sushed through the timber to the river, and here were both grass and water. I had a cold bite in my haversack, and after disposing of it stretched out and went to sleen hoping I had given the red men the slip. I opened my eyes next morning in astonishment. Seared in a circle about in www. The was a fire, and the indians had evidently eaten breakfast. They were smoking as I awoke, and there was a grin on each face as it was turned toward me. I had a cold bite in his back, and after disposing of his back, and the was a prin on each face as it was turned toward me. I have deed they will sing songs in your phead, and such was my assonishment that I could not move. Fortunately for me the fellows took this for nerve. I looked from man to man, and finally shid, in Comanche, "It is easy en

becker. "I confess." says she will terrible abandonment. But I might have instead to abandonment. But I might have instead to the abandonment. The mean proposed in the proposed of the propos

The Man in the Bushes.

There were eight of us sitting on some cotton bales at a little railroad station in South Carolina waiting for a train which wasn't expected for nearly an hour. Right opposite us was a strip of forest, and pre-ently we saw a man bend aside a bush and survey us in a cautious manner. Every one saw him, and yet no one offered any explanation of his presence one onered any exhibitant of this presence until he had stood there for three or four minutes. Then a woman from Arkansas inid aside her snull stick and observed:
"Really, now. If I was home I should recken that feller meant shute, and I should hurry to make myself skass."
He can't want to shoot none of us," replied one of the men.
"Guess I'll make shore of that by wakin' him up," said a ticorgian, as he got out his re-

"Guess I'll make shore of that by wakin' him up," said in theorgian, as he got out his revolver. Before he could live there was the report of a gun behind us, followed by a yell, and a native climbed over the bales, gun in hand and started to cross the double tracks. He was not yet over the first when there was a shot from the bushes, and the man in front of us spun sround like a top, dropped his gun, and foll upon the rails. Then, before any of us had moved, a second native came out of the bushes with a smoking gun in his hand, and as he bent over the figure on the ground he laughed.

"Ha! ha! ha! I jist dropped at yer fire so as to git the drop on you! I guess you won't bother me no mo."

When he had gone we went to the aid of the other. As we pulled him off the track he struggled up, reached for his gun, and looked around and said: "Much obleeged, but tan't nuthin!. The onery skunk has jist loft a builet in my shoulder—that's all. I thought I had a bead on him, but he drapped too quick fur me. Any of you all got any terbacker? Thanks. I reckon I'll go home and he the old woman try and pick this lead out with a darning needle."

It Was Corns.

It Was Corns. There were scores of passengers waiting in the Pennsylvania depot, Jersey City, and a prominent figure among them was a real oldfashioned woman, wearing a quaint old bonnet, and having the traditional number of parcels and bandboxes with her. She had eaten a fried cake and drunk from a bottle of cold tea. and after brushing the crumbs away she took knife, and began putting an edge on the latter.

from her pocket a whetstone and a pocket knife, and began putting an edge on the latter. There was a general stir of interest around her, and a man who sat near by remarked:

"Well, you are the first woman I ever saw who could sharpen a knife."

"Lands save you, but I know fifty of 'em!" she replied. "Any women folks up our way who can't sharpen axes and knives are counted no good. This 'ere knife belongs to the old man, and hain't very good stuff.

"What's your object in sharpening the knife?" he asked, as she worked away with much vigor.

"Corns. Got two on the bettem of my left foot. Orter pared 'em down afore I left home, but didn't have time. Got fifty-five minits to wait here, and I'll put it in on the corns. How's that for an edge?"

"Sharp as a razor," he replied, as he received the knife, felt of its edge and passed it back.

"Yes, I guess it will do. You d better moves now. Hate to bother you, but them corns is dreadful."

He moved away, followed by two or three others, and the old lady slipped off her shoe and stocking, turned her back to the crowd, and began operations. She was through in about twenty minutes, and, after replacing her shoe, she bundled her packages together and ioudly remarked:

"There! I feel a hundred dollars better, and I'll have half an hour more after I git home to help change them hens into the new coop.

The Day We Celebrate. It was last Fourth of July. Huntsville, Ala., was literally packed with colored people. and more coming. Uncle Reuben and his wife

and more coming. Uncle Keuben and his wife
sat in their ox cart in front of the Court House,
each face wearing a puzzled look, and by and
by the old man called to an acquaintance:
"Yo' Jerry—cum heah.
"What's it, Reaben."
"What's all dis heah fussin' bout?"
"Why, it's Foth July, Reuben."
"I knows dat. Yo' can't tell me nothin' bout
Foth of July; but what's de rumpus fur?"
"Why, dey's celobratin'
"What dev celebratin fur."
"Cause it's de day to replebrate."

"Cause its de day to celebrate."
"Che se its de day to celebrate."
"Oh, dat's it? I see, Dat make: it plain.
When I struck town an found de people fu-sin'
around so I jist dun reckoned dat it might be
de with had broken out ag a. Day seeletratin'
'cause it side day to celebrate? Dat a all right,
Jerry-all right."

It Fell Flat. One day, as a Sixth avenue barber shop had but one empty chair, a man wearing a very big bat and walking with a great deal of swagger, entered, hung his hat on a peg, and then drawing a revolver he turned to the idle

man and said:
"I want a shave just a common shave. I want a sinve-list a common state. It want a har cut or a shaippee. Pen't sleak of the weather or entities. If you speak to me l'il shoot." He toek the chair, held the revolver across his legs, and was slaved with promptness and despatch. When he got up he returned the shooter to his hip pocket, put on his hat, and after a broad checkle he said to the ca-hier:

"That's the way to keep a barber quiet. He didn't utter a word."

didn't utter a word.
"No. sir he couldn't,"
" touldn't,"
" No. sir he's deaf and damb,"

One on Quny.

At Cleveland they put two cars filled with l'olish immigrants on the rear of our train, as they had through some accident been belated and we sped away for Toledo. At about o'clock at night a man came into our car, in o'clock at night a man came into our car, in which Senator Quay had a berth and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, a child has been born in one of the immigrant cars. It's a boy atthough we are in this, I'm a lenney! saids on the train it is proposed to many that her quay had had been the senator of the boy.

We chipped Quay saw our whole pile and raised it by \$5, saving that he should be proud of the honor, and the man passed into the next car. An hour later we learned that no child had been born, and that the fellow had raised \$75 and dropped off at some station.

BOOKKEEPING IN A CLUB.

How the Contlemen of New York Pay for Their Drinks and Dinners, Every large club in New York has one

bookkeeper. Clubs like the Union and Union League have several men who do nothing but look after the club's and members' accounts. Clubs have as much necessity for books as & large greery house has. They need accurate accounts more than most restaurants and hotels, for a club's business is mostly on credit. As soon as a man enters a club an account in his name is opened by the bookkeeper. To his debit are entered his initiation fee and his dues. This is a large item, from two hundred to a thousand dollars. There are few of the leading clubs that have an initiation fee of less than two hundred dollars. The dues are about one hundred dollars, payable semi-annually. The custom is to have each member on his admission pay his initiation fee and half a year's dues. If these are not paid within a few weeks and the non-payment is not explained by sick. ness, absence from town, or some other cause the new member's name is dropped. With this first payment his assount is opened and more

lenient treatment is given him. A member of a club may pay cash or not as he prefers. He usually prefers not to pay cash and it suits the club as well. The cash system is hard to follow on account of the checks and vouchers which every club uses to prevent thioving by its servants. Everything bought in a club cails out a vorcher. These vouchers are in stub books, like bank checks. They are of different colors and sizes. The bookkeepers give out one kind, the head waiters another, the eight man a third, with other forms for messengers, cabs, and rooms. These vouchers are consecutively numbered and have stubs similarly numbered. It is the duty of a clerk or waiter to have the amounts on the vouchers copied on the stubs so that each book when used will show how much income to the club it represents. In some clubs the member's name is also written on the stub, as well as the amount of his purchases. When a man pays cash he complicates this system, which works best when no each payments are made. With no each payments the total amount charged on the stubs of the bartender's books would exactly tally with the total amount of bartend-

exactly taily with the total payments some of these checks have been canceled and the end of these checks have been canceled and the end of these checks have been canceled and the Cash payments enable, the servants to steal, Men who pay part cash are the ensiest defrauded, as it is nare for them accurately to make the control of the individual members. If a man is carsonal wind they had charged. The employees of a club quickly learn the character of the individual members. If a man is carsonal wind they had charged. The employees of a club quickly learn the character of the individual members. If a man is carsonal to the child t

he has paid is deducted from his posted in-debtedness.

Clubs are more strict about dues than about club charges. Dues most be paid or the mem-ber-sing exerces. It takes an at of the thoern-ing Foarrie reinstate a man who has not paid his dues on time it-stead of his continuing a member until the board dreps him. A man is not allowed to resign while he ower money. He can be dropped createlled, but he may not retire of his ewn witton without setting all his indebtedness firet.

An Oxi's Repast of Snakes.